

paying a fine tribute to their useful lives. [A portion of W. H. Lee's address is reported in this same newspaper article; see below.]

"Come to the Little Brown Church in the Wildwood" was heartily sung by the choir and audience.

The chairman, E. M. Peck, had the honor of reading "The Old Tin Lantern" written by Sheldon Norton which follows:

THE OLD TIN LANTERN

Some months ago a friend of mine gave me an old fashioned tin lantern, battered, rusty, and worn. In my boyhood days I had seen a few of these inventions in use, made entirely of tin perforated with small holes in many strange and fantastic shapes, through which the feeble rays of a tallow candle were cast on the outer darkness, making a "dim religous light."

Placing the lantern on my desk one evening and putting a lighted candle in it to see what shapes the rays of light would form on the walls of the room, and seating myself in an easy chair, I watched the dancing rays as the candle flickered, thinking what a story this battered, rusty, tin lantern could tell if it only had a voice. My thoughts went back across the years and I remembered the story of my grandmother's journey from Connecticut to Northern Pennsylvania, then an almost unbroken wilderness of hemlock, beech and maple, peopled only with deer, bear, wolves, and small game.

While my thoughts were busy with these past days and my fancy was painting a picture of those olden times and their people, I turned my face toward the old tin lantern, battered, rusty, and worn, and on its peaked top I saw a diminutive figure of "Old Father Time" as I had seen him pictured. His hair was long and white and his whiskers, reaching nearly to his feet, were like the new fallen snow; in his hand was the hour glass with the sands running through and the scythe of time to mow down the pride and grandeur of earth's mightiest works.